

The Conversation

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Satsuki finds herself awake after the events in the arena, and has the first conversation she has ever had with her sister. Based on events from episode 18. Now rated M for content. Recommended to read The Ritual and Chasing the Dreams Away in companion to this fic, as they are all related.

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The Conversation

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Chapter 1

She was falling.

Satsuki Kiryuin felt herself falling backwards through the blackness, watching the stars and swirling galaxies float by her as she fell through the impossibly large universe. Never had she felt so small.

She was naked, her skin pure and white and glowing against the black backdrop of space. She felt no shame at her nakedness, nor pain. Her brain was telling her that she should be unable to breathe, yet life flowed easily in and out of her lungs. She did not understand.

What happened? Satsuki tried to recall. Memories hovered distantly in her inner eye, just out of her grasp. Splashes of images appeared at random intervals: a uniform here, rainbow light there. There was water, there was a splash of blood. The silhouette of an imposing figure holding a girl impossibly by the chest...

Suddenly breathing echoed deafeningly in her ear, loudly panting as she felt hot breath in her face. Her eyes flew open.

Above her was a large man, red and sweaty with a disgusting leer on his face. Satsuki gaped at him, blinked once to confirm that this was indeed real, and swung a fist as hard as she could with a loud cry. The man flew off her and crashed into the opposite wall.

"No, no!" Ryuuko Matoi ran through the doorway, a look of disbelief and annoyance on her face. "I left for one minute to go pee! You pervert! How could you... get out!" she cried in an exasperated tone. The man slunk out of the room with a sheepish look on his face, one hand stemming the flow of blood coming from his broken nose.

"Matoi, what?" Satsuki yelled, bringing herself to a sitting position and looking around for the first time. She appeared to be in a dilapidated classroom, the windows shattered and debris littering the

floor. The desks and chairs were strewn across the room, heavily damaged. She was lying on a thin mat on the concrete floor, covered in a rough blanket. She appeared to still be in her undergarments, while bloodstained bandages secured cheap dressings to the wounds marring her perfect skin.

"Ahhh, I'm sorry." Ryuuko groaned with a palm pressed to her forehead. "It's Mako's dad, he's really quite harmless I swear! I didn't know what to do so I brought us here so he could patch you up, because you were losing too much blood. I was there the whole time, I promise he didn't do anything creepy to you. I just left for a second because I had to go to the washroom and..."

"What happened?" Satsuki cut through her rambling. She closed her eyes and groaned as a massive headache manifested itself. She clutched her head, trying to make sense of what was going on.

With a sigh, Ryuuko plopped herself on the floor in front of her and clutched her knees. Satsuki noticed how tired and battleworn she looked, with a large bandage crisscrossing her chest.

"After Ragyo pushed my heart back inside me, she dropped me on the ground and told those suits to attack everyone but me." she started, her hand absentmindedly rising to play with the bandage on her chest. "That girl with the green glasses tied me up in her sleeves and started to drag me along, but Tsumungu managed to cut the ties and I rolled off the platform. I grabbed you right away and told Mako to get her dad and meet us here, at our old classroom. Mako's dad patched you up and we've been here for about two hours. Nudist Beach and the Elite Four have been fighting since." As if to accentuate her point, an explosion rumbled in the distance.

As Matoi spoke, the fragmented memories connected themselves in Satsuki's mind and she remembered the events in the arena. Her mother, destroying her easily and stealing Junketsu from her. And then, the truth about Ryuuko...

"I don't know where your mother went." Ryuuko continued, then paused and gazed at Satsuki with a serious expression. "Is it true? About her being my mother?"

Satsuki shifted her gaze, suddenly unsure. "I don't know." She murmured. "It seems impossible, but it's the only explanation that could make sense. Your heart was made of life fibers, just like the experiment they tried to do with my baby sister." She took a sharp breath as what she just said registered in her mind. Matoi... was her sister? This entire time? Unbidden, Satsuki felt her eyes burn and well up with hot tears.

Ryuuko shifted on the hard floor. "I don't know what to believe." She admitted. "Some things make sense, but then what does it mean? Is Isshin Matoi still my dad? How did this happen?"

She quieted for a moment, staring out the broken window. "My entire life I've wondered who my family was. I had my dad, but he would never talk about my mother. We never had a great relationship, and then he shipped me away for school and he was killed before I was able to ask him anything." The teen's face suddenly contorted, filled with an impossible amount of fury. She stood up quickly and began to pace the room.

"My entire life to this point has been a lie! And not one person had the decency to tell me just what the hell is going on!"

Ryuuko whirled around to face Satsuki, one hand tangled into her hair and with a look of incredible frustration on her face. "I came to this stupid school to find answers, only to find that the woman that I've been fighting against for months is apparently my sister. I hated you, I had cursed you constantly for standing above me and sneering down at me while I scrounge for bits of information in the dirt." She stalked over and put one foot on top of an overturned chair.

"And what did I find? That I had found the sister I had wanted for my entire life, and that her mother killed my dad! And you've had some

plot this entire time to kill your mother, that nearly *killed* you, and yet I'm still stuck here in the dark wondering why and how and what and *GOD DAMMIT!* " she screamed.

Ryuuko picked up the old chair and hurled it across the room with a cry of frustration. She stood there for a minute, facing away from Satsuki with her shoulders heaving and fists balled at her sides. She turned slowly, tears running a track through the grime and blood that covered her face. "Can't you just tell me what is going on?" she pleaded, dropping to her knees.

AN : I edited this chapter to fix a few errors and to get rid of some of the run on paragraphs. Reviews are loved, and inspire me to keep momentum while writing. Thanks guys!

Chapter 2

Satsuki looked at the girl. Ryuuko had a look of frustration on her face, and her hair was wild from running her hands through it. Never had Satsuki had such an urge to confide in someone, to tell them every secret that was hidden in her heart without fear or ulterior motive. Why was this girl causing her to feel this way? Her former enemy?

"Because she is your sister." A small voice whispered in her mind. The thought lingered, and as Satsuki remembered the pain and grief she had felt over the years for that sister, she made up her mind. Ryuuko needed to hear everything.

"Sit down... Ryuuko." She said finally, her sister's familiar name tasting foreign on her tongue. "It's a long story."

Ryuuko scrutinized her face, looking for any hint of deception. Apparently finding none, she shuffled over to the wall and sat with her back resting against it. Satsuki felt a slight wave of annoyance, but it disappeared when she remembered that Ryuuko's distrust was well justified.

Apparently comfortable, Ryuuko waved her hand to signal for Satsuki to continue.

A low sigh hissed through Satsuki's teeth as she thought of where to begin.

"My mother... was never very caring towards me." She began finally.

"Even as a child, our interactions could never be defined as the normal relationship that a mother and daughter ought to have. It was very confusing for me. I would see my classmates run into their parents embrace at the end of the school day, and would eagerly tell them about what we had learned while walking back to their vehicle.

But I would only see Soroi waiting for me, and a butler was a poor replacement.

"When my father was still around, he would be too busy in the laboratory to interact with me. In fact, my only clear memory of the man was when he presented Junketsu to me, and warned me to never become a slave to clothing." Satsuki fingered the bandage covering her forearm as she spoke, and stared absently into the sky. Ryuuko found herself feeling sad for her former enemy, her previous anger dissipated as she related to having an absent father growing up.

"I was afraid of my mother," Satsuki continued, drawing her knees up towards her chest. "When I was five, I was awoken for the first time by Hououmaru in the middle of the night. She instructed me to follow her, and to not speak a word without being spoken to first. She said that my mother wished to teach me about how to be a Kiryuin.

"I didn't understand, but I did as instructed. Rei shut me in the room with my Mother, and I was told to undress and lay on her bed." At this, Satsuki's voice faltered. She hugged her knees tightly against her chest, and absently began to rock as she spoke in a quiet, flat tone.

"This began to happen several times a week. It would always be the same. Mother would hiss frightening things into my ear, telling me about life fibers and my destiny to serve them as a Kiryuin. She told me that my body was supposed to be a vessel for the life fibers, but instead fate had chosen for me to be their servant instead. While she would speak she would inspect me, running her fingers over every aspect of my body. I would always feel intense shame at this, and felt like a piece of property to be owned by my Mother."

Ryuuko made a noise of disgust. "That bitch. Did she...?"

Satsuki chuckled mirthlessly. "I told you I would tell you everything. Shut up and listen." She took a ragged breath, and continued.

"It was always the same. She would run her disgusting hands up my body, lightly, light enough that I would sometimes wonder if I felt it or if it was only my imagination. Then she would stop talking for a moment, before tipping my chin upwards to expose my throat to her. She would kiss me in the crook of my neck and stay there, long enough that I would always fear she would decide to break the skin over my artery and kill me there and then. But then she would move close to my ear and whisper that one day she would perform the Ritual on me." Satsuki's voice wavered, and she let out a small squeak of emotion while beginning to violently rock back and forth.

"I had no idea what the Ritual was, and I didn't dare to ask. All I knew was that when she spoke of the ritual, her hand would move to between my legs. Before long I only associated that word with the confusing spark of pleasure her touch would bring to me. Then it would be over, and I would be dismissed to go back to bed. I often suffered night terrors, tricking myself into feeling her running her fingers over me while I slept. But worse were the dreams of her speaking to me of the ritual, while touching me *there*. I was too young to understand the feelings it gave me, or why I secretly enjoyed them."

Satsuki covered her face in her hands in shame. Ryuuko sat in dull disbelief, trying to process the amount of hatred she was feeling towards her mother.

"Why couldn't you tell anyone? You should have tol-" Ryuuko began to speak before being cut off.

"You don't know what it was like!" Satsuki screeched in a slightly hysterical tone. "No one dared to speak ill of my Mother. To do so was to risk death. I couldn't do anything."

"I once dared to bring my hands down from above my head to cover myself from her touch. Until today I have never seen such anger from her. She grabbed my hands and yanked them up above my head, far enough that I thought they would dislocate from my shoulders. At my cry of pain she screamed at me to shut up, and that

my body was not my own to be ashamed of. That I had already failed at becoming a vessel for COVERS and that my only reason for existence was to serve and obey. She shoved me off the bed and told me that I was not allowed to dress before morning, and she would see if I was still ashamed of my nakedness the following night. I never dared to disobey her again."

Satsuki shuddered at the memory, rubbing her wrists in an effort to remove her mother's ghostly touch. She looked up, and gave a wry smile at the anger she saw stewing in her sister's face.

"If I didn't know better, Matoi, I would think that you cared."

Ryuuko tried to shrug casually, but didn't quite pull it off. "It's just... disturbing to me. That's all. My entire life I wished for a mother, yet my true mother turned out to be nothing but a monster for doing that to her own child."

Satsuki sighed, and stared into the sky. "Then you need to harden your heart, because I haven't even gotten to the Ritual yet."

AN: shameless plug for my previous stories. If you want to read more about the ritual and Satsuki's night terrors, check them out. I love reviews.

Chapter 3

Silence fell between the two women as Satsuki contemplated where to continue her story next. A breeze fluttered through the open window, the cool air hitting her bare skin and causing her to shiver.

"Ah, sorry." Ryuuko muttered. "I didn't think far enough ahead to bring you a change of clothing." As she spoke, their attention was drawn by rapidly approaching footprints in the hallway outside. Ryuuko got up quickly and positioned herself between her sister and the doorway, brandishing her scissor half in case she needed to fight. Satsuki felt very naked without Junketsu or Bakuzan, and felt a spark of gratitude for Ryuuko's protection.

"Who's there?" Ryuuko called. The footsteps paused outside the door, then a short figure walked into view.

"An ally, Ryuuko Matoi. I'm looking for Lady Satsuki." Iori responded.

"Iori!" Satsuki exclaimed. Iori peered around Ryuuko, then dropped to his knee in shock.

"Lady Satsuki! You've been hurt!"

Satsuki waved off his concern. "I'll live. What happened?"

Iori gave a sideways glance at Ryuuko, then cleared his throat nervously before speaking. "As I'm sure you are aware, our plan failed. The coagulant wasn't strong enough to suppress the Primordial Life Fibre, and COVERS fled."

Satsuki eyed the bloodstained bandages covering his forearms. "Fled, after attacking you. Is Soroi..?"

"Uncle is fine. He's the reason why we were able to escape intact. He's currently in Communications, trying to round our allies with the help of Imamuta. I believe they are attempting to contact

Sanganyama's forces from before he became a part of Honnoji. Imamura filled us in on what happened. Your mother really took Junketsu?"

Satsuki breathed a sigh of relief at his words. "Yes, she did. I need you to gather the Sewing Club and the Chemistry club, and begin producing more of the coagulant using the formula Father left us. See if the Chemistry club can produce a stronger dose that could be used against COVERS and my mother." She said, her voice falling into the familiar authoritative tone. "But before that, I need you to retrieve the former uniform of the Student Council President, as well as the replacement three star uniform for the former Fight Club President." At her words Iori bowed deeply and strode purposefully out of the room.

"Wait." Ryuuko started. "You don't mean?"

Satsuki smiled. "Yes. Mankanshoku proved herself to be quite powerful when she was not spouting nonsense or forced to fight you. I believe she could be useful."

Ryuuko chewed her bottom lip as she considered the idea. She really didn't want her friend put into the line of danger. Satsuki seemed to know what was on her mind.

"You need to have more faith in your allies, Matoi."

"It's not that I don't trust in her abilities." Ryuuko retorted. "It's just that I trust in our mother's more. I don't think I would be able to look Mako's family in the face and tell them that she died because of me. It's not like she's been training her entire life for this, unlike your elite four."

"I haven't known my four Deva's for nearly as long as you think."

"Do they know? About... *everything*?" Ryuuko asked, gesturing vaguely in the air.

"Some. Nonon knows the most out of the four, but only because I have known her the longest." Satsuki replied, understanding her intent. She sighed, and focused on the clouds again before continuing.

"I had met Nonon in elementary school, shortly before my mother's abuse began. As a child I didn't make friends easily, and the fact that I was not allowed to play with others outside of school did not help with that. Despite that, Nonon took to me and we soon became the rulers of our school." A wry smile touched Satsuki's lips at the memory.

"After the first two weeks of Mother's sessions, I had asked Nonon if it was something that her mother also did to her. She didn't understand what I had meant, and it was all I needed to know that it was outside the normal parameters of a mother - daughter relationship. I didn't bring it up to her again, and I suspect that she's since forgotten.

"I began to resent my mother for what she was putting me through. The Kiryuin name had already alienated me from my peers, and the exhaustion from the emotional trauma and lack of sleep had been taking its toll on me. Some days it seemed that Soroi's tea was the only thing that got me through my school work. The trivial dramas of my classmates were no longer interesting to me, not while Mother hissed such adultlike things in my ear. I generally just kept to myself and let Nonon handle the social aspects of owning the school.

"When I was 12, my mother sat me in her office and introduced the grand scheme of COVERS to me. Bits and pieces I had already known, through the things she told me in her bedroom and articles online about the Kiryuin Empire. But until then, I had never realized the scale of her plan, or the degree to which it had already succeeded. Nearly every major business across the planet was using clothing stamped with the REVOC name, all of which was tainted with dormant life fibres.

"Mother grabbed me by the chin and forced me to stand." Satsuki shivered, her arms subconsciously crossing her chest to protect her from the memory. "She said that it was time for me to commit myself, and to justify my existence by becoming a servant to life fibres. The school system of Japan had proven to be resilient to COVERS, because school aged children are typically stubbornly opposed to anything regarding the business world and the life they were to live as adults. She told me that my mission was to unite the children of Japan under REVOC's control, and by doing so I *might* become worthy enough to undergo the ritual." Her voice trailed off at the word.

Ryuuko shifted on the hard floor. "So you created Honnoji. Why go along with her plans?"

"I had a decision to make." She replied. "I could run: cast off the Kiryuin name and escape to some distant corner of the world, and live a quiet anonymous life until being destroyed by my mother's plan. Or: I could wait. I could bide my time, and use my mother's resources to fund my own goals of becoming strong enough to stop her and life fibres once and for all. I came up with the idea of creating a separate city-state from which I could build an army of students to conquer all of Japan through life fibre augmented academics and athletes. And once I conquered a school, I could clothe them in standardized REVOC uniforms." Satsuki stopped for a moment, wishing desperately for a warm tea to wet her throat and calm her before broaching the subject they were fast approaching. She gave a small cough, and continued.

"My mother liked the idea, and gave her approval. I finished middle school while Honnoji was built, and quietly gathered a core group of students loyal only to me to accompany me there when we graduated. Among those were my four devas. What I liked most about Honnoji was that it was far enough away from Mother that the frequency of my visits diminished greatly. Our sessions dropped from once or twice a week to once or twice a month.

"It pained me to have to use the life fibres in our Goku uniforms, but it was necessary for my plan to succeed. It also gave the added illusion of my loyalty to them, which was extremely valuable. With the uniforms to aid us, schools fell easily to our rule. Too easily, and I had begun to worry that our strength would never increase enough to stop my mother. I ordered Iori to run trials on whether we could bolster the percentage of life fibres our students wore, but the trials failed. At over 40% life fibre, even the strongest of test subjects were unable to control the uniform and had to be stopped by force. I wondered why my father had taken me to see Junketsu when I was young, because it was clear that not even I would be able to control a suit made of 100% life fibres successfully." Satsuki stopped, and met Ryuuko's eye.

"But then you came, Ryuuko."

AN: I'm sorry to do that to you. The ritual is coming soon, I promise.

Chapter 4

"But then you came, Ryuuko."

Satsuki met her sister's eye with a soft smile. "Until that moment I saw you in that kamui, I was not certain that I would ever be able to challenge my mother. I had been too certain of failure to try. I was shocked that someone would be powerful enough to sustain such a high concentration of life fibres without losing herself to their powers. It was that knowledge that led me to put on Junketsu and bend the fibres to my will."

Ryuuko frowned. "You make it sound like such a painful process. Junketsu didn't want to be worn by you? I remember hearing your... our mother say something to that effect."

"Yes. It was." Satsuki replied softly. "It took every inch of my strength to stop Junketsu from devouring me completely, and we fought long until we were both completely spent. Then he drained me of so much blood it was nearly impossible to remain standing, until I could force him back again to a dormant state. It wasn't until I left my mother's estate that I finally allowed myself to collapse, and Soroi had to tend to me for three days."

Ryuuko gaped. "It wasn't even remotely like that when I bonded with Senketsu. After tasting a little blood from the cut on my arm I couldn't deny him, he wished to be put on by me so badly. He still cares for me deeply and loves every bit of my blood. But he only takes as little as he can."

"By the time we had our battle in Osaska, I had surmised as much." Satsuki replied with a frown. "It puzzled me for quite some time how you were able to battle in Senketsu's released form for so long without displaying complete exhaustion. I had initially assumed you were struggling with every motion just as I was. After wearing Junketsu it was difficult to remain upright for hours afterwards, I

would be so drained. In fact," She suddenly avoided Ryuuko's eye, her hands abruptly clenching into fists at her sides before stating "It was that in that state that Mother decided to complete the ritual on me."

Intense shame filled Ryuuko suddenly as she understood the amount of pain that she had caused her older sister. She wanted desperately to apologise, but the words that would adequately express her regret would not come to her tongue. Satsuki looked up, and understood her expression perfectly.

"You should not feel any guilt, Ryuuko." She murmured. "You believed me to have killed your father, and to represent the ideals you stood firmly against. It was the correct decision."

"When?" Ryuuko whispered hoarsely.

"After Osaka." Satsuki drew her legs up to her chest again, staring out at the clouds. "Mother sent Nui to kidnap me by commandeering my helicopter. Upon arrival I was met by Hououmaru and instructed to remove Junketsu and meet my mother at her private bath." Satsuki's voice wavered slightly as she recalled the choking smell and the hot steam that seared every inch of her.

"Mother's touch was not the same as before. She cruelly manipulated me into complete submission before robbing me of my dignity entirely. Despite my hatred of her touch and the depth of my shame I was completely powerless to stop my body's reaction to her." She shuddered, clutching her knees tightly. She tried to take a breath to continue but found her airway constricted, choking her. She gasped, before falling into the deepest sobs she could remember crying ever before. The tears fell hot off her cheeks onto her knees, burning with the anger of being reduced to this. Being reduced to naked once more and forced to release an outburst of ugly, violent emotion just to remain.

Warm hands grasped her softly on her shoulders, causing her to flinch in fear. Ryuuko held on until her adrenaline abated, and

Satsuki allowed Ryuuko to pull her into the first loving embrace she had experienced since she was a child. Her sister's presence comforted her, it felt as though Ryuuko was experiencing her pain with her, sharing it with her. Satsuki's breaths eventually slowed, and she stirred against Ryuuko's embrace softly to let her know the moment had passed. Ryuuko drew her arms away and Satsuki wiped the last stubborn tear remaining on her cheek with the heel of a hand.

"I believe I passed out, but I can't be sure." She whispered, Ryuuko close enough to hear her clearly. "My memory is a blur until my mother called me out of the bath. She didn't even give me a chance to process what had occurred until later on. The only response that I could maintain without breaking down was anger so intense that I immediately decided to put my plan into action. I plotted the details of Mother's demise the entire time I followed her into the forbidden chamber hidden deep within her estate."

"What was in it?" Ryuuko breathed, terrified to know the answer.

"The original life fibre." Satsuki replied faintly.

"It was a shining orb that shone with more power than even Mother. At her touch a suit was formed out of a stray bit of thread, and the suit flew upwards to join the hundreds that lay dormant, hanging on the walls. The suits that we saw descend today on Honnoji."

Ryuuko didn't respond. She was trying to process the enormity of the situation. Satsuki took her silence as a cue to continue.

"Then today, I was unable to defeat Mother even by cutting off her head. She stripped me of Junketsu, humiliated me, and denounced me entirely. The last thing I remember was her ripping out your heart, and showing me that you are the child whose existence I have mourned for the last 17 years." Her eyes filled suddenly, threatening to overflow once again.

"It's funny." Ryuuko murmured. "As I had begun to understand you more and more, I began to see similarities between you and myself that I would convince myself I imagined. It wasn't until I saw you stab your mother today that I realized this entire time you had been fighting against the evil in the world every bit as hard as I was. When our mother confirmed who I was, after the initial shock it forced me to accept what I had already known subconsciously."

Satsuki lips lifted slightly in what could be mistaken for a watery smile. "Regardless, it is too late now. Mother robed in Junketsu is too formidable of an opponent for you to fight on your own, and I am of no help to you stripped bare as I am. I haven't any idea where to begin picking up the pieces of this situation."

"Perhaps, you might begin by dressing yourself once more." A voice replied calmly.

Soroi stepped lightly into the room. He carried Satsuki's student council uniform folded neatly in his hands and deposited it gently at her side.

"Ojou-sama." He bowed deeply in front of her.

Satsuki gazed at him with a soft expression. "How much did you hear?" she asked faintly.

"Enough." Soroi responded. He straightened out of his bow and Satsuki saw the solitary tear that trickled down his face.

AN : whew. That was a challenge to put on paper. Hoping that the new episode tomorrow won't nullify my stories too badly. Thank you all for the ongoing love!

Chapter 5

Satsuki remained silent, unsure of how to respond. It had not been her intention for Soroi to know the entire truth.

"I'm sorry." She murmured finally. "I didn't wish to burden you with the knowledge of Mother's actions."

Soroi knelt by her side, and took her hand into his. "Ojou-sama, I have been burdened with that for a long time. Ever since I first comforted you from your night terrors as a child. And as I said then, I only wish that I could have protected you for all these years. From her."

Satsuki shifted, not wanting to cry again in fear that she would not be able to stop. "There was nothing you could do." She replied softly. "It was necessary for me to endure it in order to deceive her. Your never-ending support was all that I needed to survive it."

Satsuki pulled her hand out of his warm grasp, and pulled her old uniform top out of the neat pile by her side. She gracefully pulled it over her arms and began buttoning the front with fingers that trembled slightly from exhaustion. Soroi and Ryuuko both turned their gaze as she pulled on her pants.

"What news do you have, Soroi?" she asked.

"Nudist Beach and the Elite Four were forced to retreat against the COVERS." Soroi responded. "The priority became to evacuate the arena, as the suits began attacking the civilians and absorbing them. Your mother disappeared after a large explosion, and all of Honnoji is in the process of being evacuated to Nudist Beach's headquarters in Osaka. We are also receiving reports of COVERS descending on cities across Japan, primarily in cities with academies that are subjugated by Honnoji. So far there have been no media reports on the attacks, for reasons that we are still unsure of."

Satsuki took Soroi's proffered arm and pulled herself shakily into a standing position. "Your thoughts, Mato?" she asked.

Ryuuko was slow to respond. "I don't think we have any choice but to head to Osaka and regroup there. Senketsu and I aren't strong enough to defeat our mother on our own, we need more resources and we need to figure out a plan."

Satsuki scoffed playfully. "A plan, Ryuuko? That's not normally your style."

Ryuuko smiled in response. "Maybe I'm just taking a page out of your book, Kiryuin. You are the one who normally has everyone playing along to your plan."

"Perhaps, but did Satsuki-chan plan this?" A high pitched voice rang out as the room suddenly went dark. A horde of white suits crashed suddenly through the windows and stood menacingly against the wall as Nui stepped lightly into the room with an amused smile.

"Nui!" Ryuuko shouted, brandishing her scissor half in the woman's direction. Her eyes fluttered across the room, hoping for an egress point that involved not fighting. She could not find one.

"I came here to find Satsuki-chan under Ragyo-sama's orders, and instead I found both Kiryuin sisters. Lucky me!" Nui exclaimed, and her smile widened. "I never imagined that the two of you could possibly be sisters, but I should have known better. You are both too adorable not to be! Like Ragyo-sama says, *la vie est drole!*" Nui giggled wildly, fluttering easily around the room to avoid Ryuuko's swings with the scissor half. She pulled out her own, and trapped Ryuuko's half with an easy swing.

"As cute as I find you, Ryuuko-chan, I have my orders to leave you alone for now. Ragyo-sama wishes to speak to Satsuki-chan alone." Nui purred, and poked Ryuuko in the nose with her free hand. The suits that were against the wall descended suddenly, three of them forming a wall in front of Ryuuko. A piercing scream filled the room,

and Ryuuko forced her way through the gap between two suits far enough to see Satsuki being pulled towards another suit by a red thread.

"Matoi!" Satsuki cried, struggling violently against the thread. Soroi rushed forwards, but was sent flying across the room by another suit and lay against the wall, apparently unconscious.

"No, Satsuki!" Ryuuko screamed, but could only extend a hand helplessly as she watched her sister be absorbed by the white suit. Nui's laugh suddenly filled Ryuuko's ears, and a sharp pain on the back of her head caused Ryuuko's vision to flicker and turn black. Nui's laugh was the last thing that she remembered.

End.

AN: I'm sorry it is so short, but this was the only way I could think of ending this while steering the plot back to the current plot of KLK. Thank you all for your wonderful reviews and support, it's been fun writing this and I have a few ideas for future storylines for new stories. Cheers!